In Aid of

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

"THE BELLE OF THE SKIES"

By Graham Squiers & Guy Jones.

THEATRE ROYAL

MAY 22-27, 1911.

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Preface.

THE generous response of the public to the appeal made by the Proprietors of the Birmingham Daily Mail, who decided to devote the balance of the proceeds of the King Edward Memorial Fund to the erection of the New Children's Hospital which, when completed, should be called the King Edward VII. Memorial Hospital, has safeguarded the future of that Charity.

Although, however, it is hoped that the amount eventually received through the instrumentality of the Daily Mail may approximate £30,000, much still remains to be done before the original Scheme can be carried out in its entirety. Under these circumstances, we confidently venture to invite local theatre-goers to support, both by their presence and by advertisement amongst their friends, the performances of "The Belle of the Skies," two-thirds of the profits from which will be given to the Children's Hospital.

On the splendid work done by that admirable Institution it is unnecessary at this time of the day to enlarge. Suffice it to say that, during the past year, 983 In-patients: 13,464 Out-patients: and 814 Casualties: making a grand total of 15,261, were treated; the sufferings of countless little ones thus being either wholly removed, or, at any rate, greatly alleviated. There is no sadder sound in life than the cry of the children! We are proud to feel that here in Birmingham, it never falls on deaf ears.

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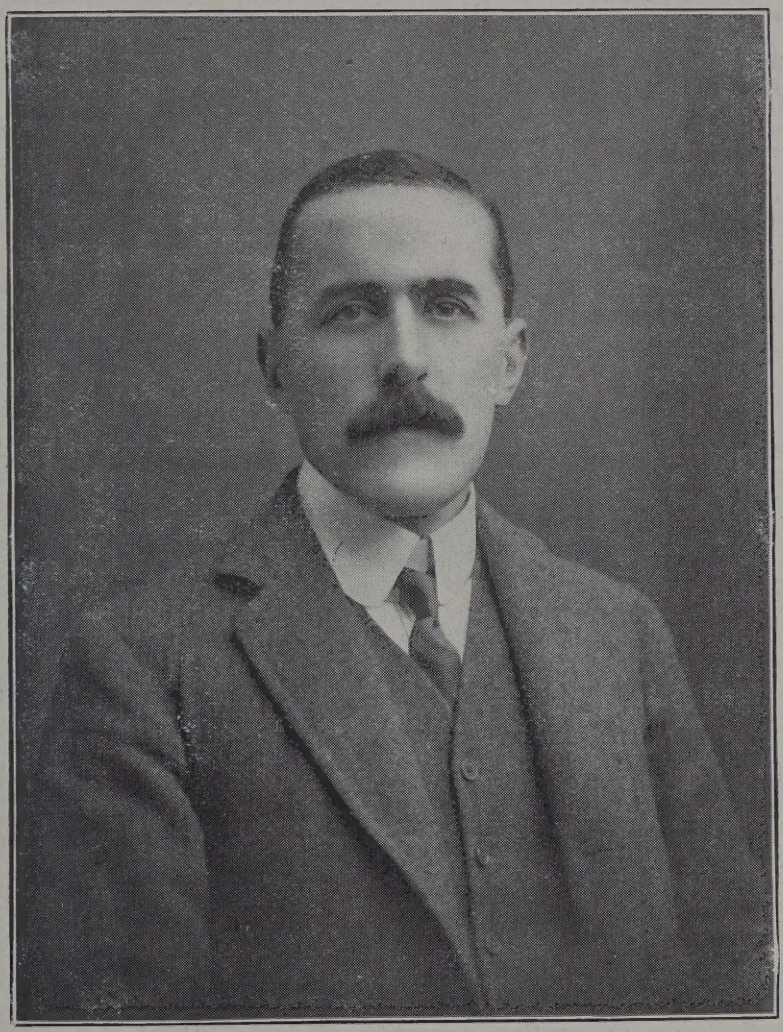

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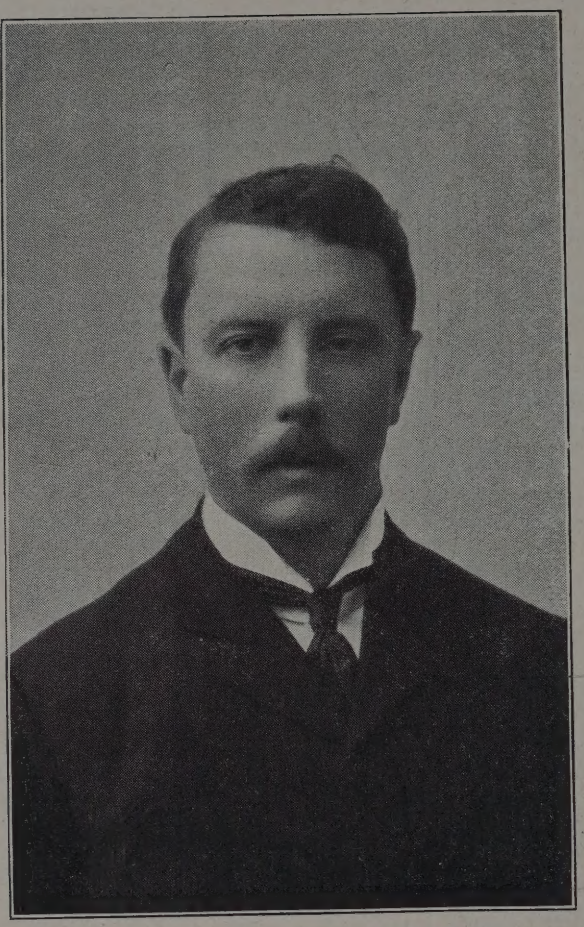

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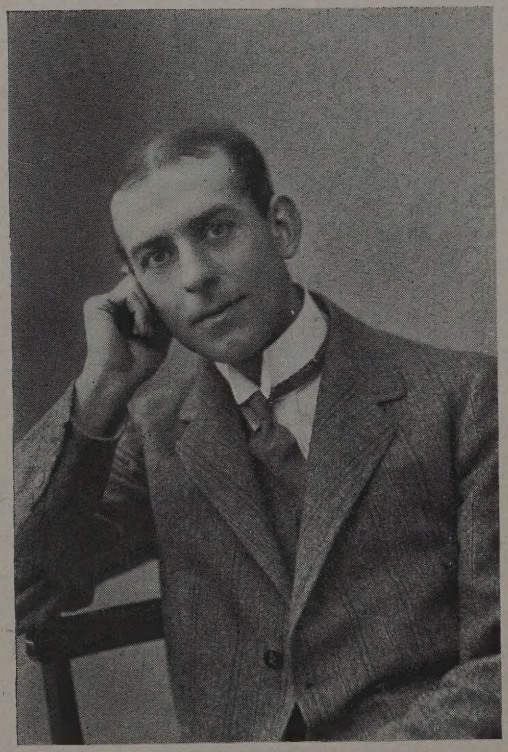

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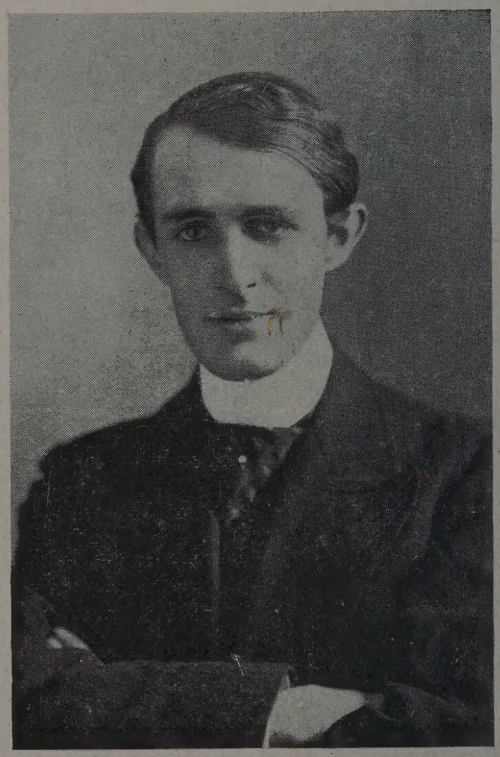

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Act I.

OPENING CHORUS.

CHORUS.

We came in to look at the flying,
At the meeting that's held to-day,
But we're awfully bored, and we'll loudly applaud,
The flyer that first gets away,
We find that its terribly trying
And our patience we can't satisfy,
While admission we've paid for a notice displayed,
Which says that the wind is too high!

MECHANICS.

We are getting anxious too,
For we want some work to do—

CHORUS.

We agree, its very trying.

MECHANICS.

We don't want to make a fuss,
But if it were not for us,
You would not see any flying.

CHORUS.

We agree.

MECHANICS.

Of course you do—

CHORUS.

We quite see.

MECHANICS.

You see our view?

CHORUS.

And of course we're sorry for you.

MECHANICS.

For that we beg to thank you.
It is hard, to be barred, such a thing would no doubt bore you.

CHORUS.

If there is no chance of them flying
Then we shan't be contented to stop,
And we needn't remain, we must come in again
If the wind isn't likely to drop.
They've given us beautiful music,
But really we cannot deny,
If we are to be ever satisfied we
Would rather by far see them fly.

Duet ... ... "I AM WHAT I ARE."

(Peters and Archie.)

P. Now I'm a man of business
With some money to me name,—
A. And the way you boast about it
Makes me blush for beastly shame.
P. If I've a chance to *h*advertise
I never let it drop,
A. But you drop your bally h's
Or else put them on the top !

CHORUS.

I'm a man of the world,
Plenty of L.S.D.
And Peters' name
Is known to fame
Because of my Pickling factory.
So long as I've got the means
You need'nt ignore your Pa,
It ain't so much that I *were* what I *was*,
It's because I now *am* what I *are*.

P. Now it seems as education
Is a luxury to me.
A. Well *you* didn't spend much on it.
That very plain to see !
P. I've paid for all your learnin', and
You 'ad the best in town,
A. Yes, you had me well brought up,
But now you drag me down !

CHORUS.

Song ... "THE PROPER THING TO DO."

(*Lady Ethel*).

If you are in Society you needn't strive to be
A model of propriety, that's very plain to see.
Whatever is the passion in the clique that you belong,
If its only in the fashion then you cant be very wrong.

CHORUS.

Of course I needn't state, that you must be up-to-date
And copy the example of a few,
You will find that nowadays, you can take up any craze,
So long as its the proper thing to do.

———

You can even go to town with your hat on upside down,
So long as its the proper thing to do.

———

You must wear the latest dresses of ridiculous design,
Then you make sarcastic guesses at the cost of hers or mine,
Your children seldom meet you as your ways are so afar,
And in time they never greet you, they've forgotten who you are!

CHORUS.

Of course I needn't state, that you must be up-to-date,
And copy the example of a few.
You can make your husband's shirts into lovely harem skirts,
So long as its the proper thing to do.

———

When to theatres you go, come in late and spoil the show,
So long as its the proper thing to do.

Octette ... "OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T."

(*Lady Aviators*).

1. What we really cannot see
   Is why we girls should suffer,
2. For every man it seems to me
   Thinks every girl a duffer.
3. Why should we not take a part
   In manly occupation?
4. So we thought we'd make a start
   By learning aviation.

CHORUS.

Why shouldn't we do just the same?
Where's the girl that couldn't?
If we want to learn to fly,
Do you object if we should try?

———

No, of course he wouldn't!

1. Now we work the same as men,
   And we're just as clever,
2. If they're in Parliament, well then
   We should so endeavour.
3. If we're equal to mankind,
   And we quite believe it.
4. We want a vote and you will find,
   We no doubt shall receive it.

CHORUS.

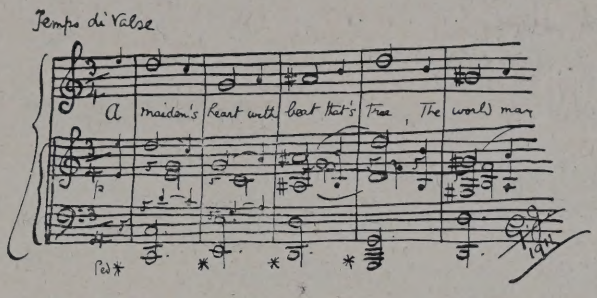
Why shouldn't we vote like the men?
Where's the girl who couldn't?
If you were some man of note,
Would you say we should not vote?

———

No, of course he wouldn't!

Song ... . "A MAIDEN'S HEART."

(*Betty*).



Ah, how bright and fair the days
When life is wrapt in golden haze,
Ah, how glad the world may seem
When the sorrows all vanish into a dream.
Happy is the heart with love that's beating,
Joys anew,
Always true,
Happy is the maiden—doubt and fear
Fall into the past with a bygone tear.

REFRAIN.

A maiden's heart, with beat that's true,
The world may say, the world may do,
No heed of sorrow, doubt, or care,
For naught but living and love is there.
Ah, while dreams of life may come and go,
Her heart just whispers low—
"I know."

Ah, what happiness may dwell,
And all the gloom of life dispel,
Ah, no doubts may e'er arise, for
They all disappear into glad surprise,
Even as the hours may now be fleeting
Fast away
To that day,
Happy is the maiden,—life is near,
Joys are all around with love so dear.

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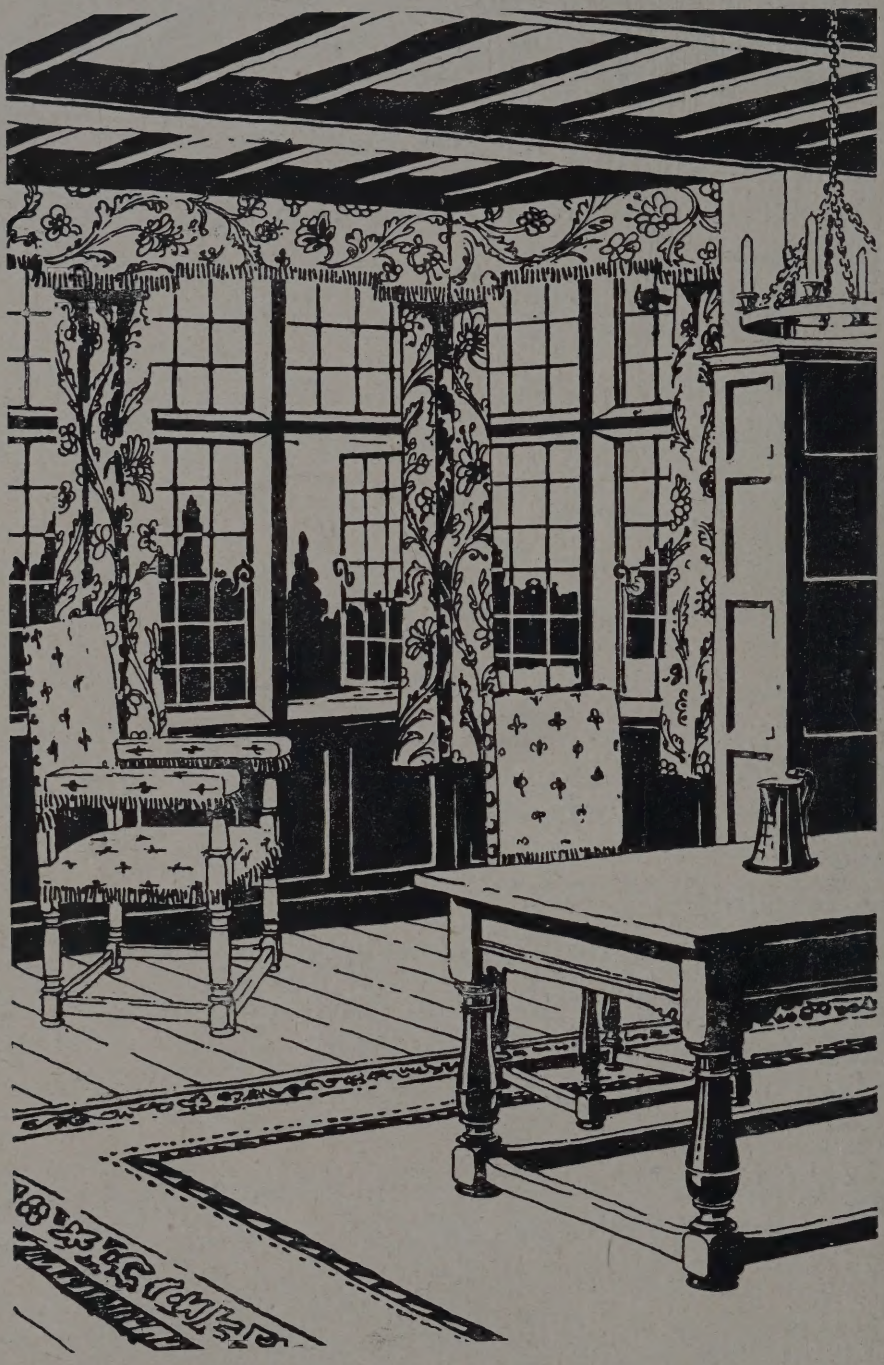

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Song ..."WHAT'S THE USE OF WORRYING ABOUT IT."

(*Spanner*).

I'm a philosophical chap—I've never been known to worry,
And as far as my recollections go, I've never been known to hurry,
I know that I've lost one or two jobs through stopping too long in bed,
But still I always console myself, that somebody's got it instead.

REFRAIN.

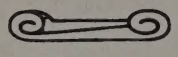
Don't you worry, it isn't the slightest use,
You've quite enough to trouble you without it,
If you've got no lucky star,
Never cry, but laugh, "Ha, ha,"
For what's the use of worrying about it?

"Whatever is going to be, *will* be," I forget where it was I read it,
I think it was in the Daily Mail, or perhaps Mr. Asquith said it,
A friend of mine that I met yesterday, is head over heels in debt,
He had no money, so worried himself, I said "You *are* silly to fret."

REFRAIN.

Don't you worry, it isn't the slightest use,
You've quite enough to trouble you without it,
You have no cash, you say,
Very well then you *can't* pay,
So what's the use of worrying about it?

Save Your Furs from Moths.



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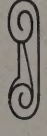

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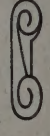

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Song ... ... "I'M MR. GOLDSTEIN."

(*Goldstein*).

I don't know no coon songs for they vasn't in my style,
(They are not in his style)
Don't even make me smile,
I vouldn't learn such rubbish for isn't vorth my vhile,
(It isn't worth his while)
Oh, no! They're not my style.
I don't live in Borneo beneath a Bamboo Tree
(Beneath a Bamboo Tree)
Not good enough y'thee.
If I sing at all I vant to sing of £ s. d.
(He's fond of £ s. d.)
Yes, that's the stuff for me.

CHORUS.

I'm Mr. Goldstein—I ain't no coon,
I dont vant no girl with eyes like sta-ars in June.
My style of honey
Is the girl vith some money
To stand the Vedding Breakfast and the Ho-oneymoon.

They always sing to "Honeys" that are underneath the moon,
(Yes, underneath the moon)
That's where they always spoon.
And then they do some cake walks while the banjoes play the tune,
(Yes, banjoes play the tune)
Well, I'm no Rag-time coon.
They sing of Mister Jackson and his "Honey" frequently,
(They do so frequently)
Wherever I may be,
To sing of Mr. Rothschild and his money pleases me
(To sing of £ s. d.)
Yes, that's what pleases me.

CHORUS.

Song ... ... AEROPLANE SONG.

(*Grahame*).

Everyone likes to be quite up-to-date, and to follow the fashions decree,
It's a fact that you cannot deny,
So everyone's learning to fly,
Its a lovely sensation to glide through the air,
and to leave mother-earth down below,
And I'm trying again in a new Aeroplane to create a few records, and so:—

CHORUS.

In my Aeroplane I'm going to fly very soon, soon, soon,
And I feel inclined to rise
Till I soar up in the skies,
On Astronomers I shall confer if I try, such a boon, boon, boon,
For I'll prove if I can that they *have* got a man in the Moon, Moon, Moon.

You never know what you can do till you try,
So perhaps I shall meet with success,
But I'm awfully fond of the air,
I do feel so happy up there,
You don't get yourself covered over with dust,
There's no traffic to ruin your nerves,
Nobody ever goes crossing the road and there aren't any difficult curves.

CHORUS.

Concerted Number ... ... "AUTOGRAPHS."

Girls. I'm sorry, sir, to trouble you, but may I have your autograph to add to my collection ?

Men. Yes, I will with pleasure.

Girls. Oh ! you are so kind.

Men. Would it be a treasure ?

Girls. Please don't think that I'm simply flattering.
Then if you'll kindly take the book, and find somewhere to put your name,
I'll get my pen, for you to sign,
And when you have inscribed your name
Perhaps your friends will do the same ?

Men. But if I sign, sweet miss, will you reward me with a little kiss ?

Girls. Oh, really that's not right of you, its very impolite of you,
And when at first I spoke to you, I never dreamt of this.

CHORUS.

Girls. Sign, Sign, Sign, Sign,
Then your autograph is mine,
But please be quick and write your name,
And others then may do the same.
Sign, Sign, Sign, Sign,
And please do not decline,
(Men :—Of course we could not decline)
We only want your autograph,
So please be quick and sign.
(Men :—So we'll hurry up and sign).

Men. I've signed your book and here it is, and now I'll say "Good day" to you, I really must be going,

Girls. You have not signed mine, sir.

Men. Oh, I quite forgot !

Girls. But you won't decline, sir ?

Men. No, I really can't be unkind to you.

Girls. If you'll write some little verse or anything above your name, I really shall be *so* obliged.

Men. May I trouble you to look,
It was not in the other book ?

Girls. This chance I cannot miss,
So kindly write a line or two in *this.*

Men. You'll pardon our suggesting it,
But as you are requesting it,
Excuse us for reminding you,
We haven't had the kiss !

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THE "AT HOME."

CALLER: I wondered why so many people come here. It's the tea! I shall order "Priory."

Song ... ... "ADVERTISING."

(*Maude*).

Advertising nowadays is really quite an art,
And the way in which it's managed is the most important part,
The modes and means adopted are of such a varied kind
That it takes you quite a voyage of discovery to find, it's—

CHORUS.

Advertising, 'tis so enterprising,
The ways they are devising, and the things they do,
Advertising, isn't it surprising
How everybody now is advertising?

If to get in touch with things the paper you peruse,
You find it's all advertisements and precious little news,
There's an interesting heading, but the article beneath
Is just to say what Phyllis Dare is using for her teeth!

An "Agony Insertion" is addressed from Maud to Fred,
"Meet me at the baker's where they sell the Standard Bread,"
Or "7.30 Wednesday next, my darling, I'll be there,
I'll know you by the Thatcho I shall smell upon your hair."

If Peter Pan indulges in a ride with Grahame White,
The photos in the "Mirror" help to fill the house at night,
And even if explorers ever reach the final goal,
They'll find that someone has been there and utilised the Pole,
for—

CHORUS.

FINALE.—Act I.

Betty. Stop! Ah! why do you force this upon me?
You with your wealth, and I who have not any,
How can you torture me, and employ such means to take my sweetheart from me!
And yet, if it be true, then I who love him dearly—

Thus is my trust in him so rudely shaken
Is this my fate that fortune shall decree?
That I am left alone, calling in vain my own,
Come back to me, that I may see, my love is not forsaken

———

Ah! do my ears deceive me, can it be so,
Should he leave me? That he should go?
Come back to me, that I may see
And know.

Chorus.

Here they are, here they are, here they come! Hurrah!
You can see them coming nearer, over in the distance far.
How they fly, how they fly, see them up on high,
You cannot spot the winner yet however much you try.

———

Here comes the winner, hip, hip, hurray,
Grahame's triumphant and he wins the day,
Give him a welcome, shout now who can,
Cheers for the hero, he's an Englishman.

(Recit).

Lady Ethel. Congratulations on a flight so grand,
May I be first to shake you by the hand?

Grahame. My thanks, Lady Ethel—but where's Betty?
Betty, I've won the prize, aren't you glad?

Betty. (Hysterically). Oh yes, of course I'm glad,
You're a great man now—(Grahame carried shoulder high).

Repeat Chorus.

Act II.

OPENING CHORUS.

What a crowd of very jolly people
Are arriving at the ball,
For it really is a splendid sight,
And we shall enjoy ourselves to-night.
'Till the daylight glimmers thro' the windows,
And our carriages we call,
Let us all, at the ball,
Banish care until to-morrow.

Men. May I have a dance with you ?
And will you let me have your Programme,
To initial it—just so,
That my partner I may know ?

Girls. Thank you, I shall be delighted,
I should like to dance with you,
I think that dancing's so entrancing,
I could dance the whole night through !

Men. " Ladye fayre, I humbly thank you."

Girls. " Gentle sir, in sooth 'tis true."

What a crowd of very jolly people
Are arriving at the ball,
For it really is a splendid sight,
And we shall enjoy ourselves to-night.
'Till the daylight glimmers thro' the windows
And our carriages we call,
Let us all, at the ball,
Banish care until to-morrow.

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TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Song ... ... "KATERINA SCHMIDT."

(*Leverstuch*).

Away in the Fatherland waiting for me,
Was a small little Fraulein named Schmidt,
And though all you ladies are awfully nice,
Yet I love her one little more bit.
I think you was really delightful to me
I'd stay over here if it were not for she.

CHORUS.

Oh! Katerina Schmidt,
She is just what you peoples would simply call "it."
Yah! I don't care a bit,
There's not one like my Fraulein,
My Katerina Schmidt.

Whenever it is that we can we do go
To the garten her house that is near,
She smiles and talks while she sips her Moselle,
Ach! her talks is such music to hear!
Then we up and we dance the roads back to the house,
While the band plays us tunes by Waldteufel and Strauss.

CHORUS.

Song ... ... "FLATTERING."

(Betty).

Betty. You men are always flattering, it really isn't right.

Men. We assure you what we say we think is true.

Betty. I simply don't believe it, you're the same with any girl,

Men. Sometimes, perhaps, we mean it though, with *you.*
There always are exceptions, as you know, to ev'ry rule,
And *you* are the exception that we find,

Betty. Well, although I think that you are very kind.—

REFRAIN.

You're flattering, just flattering,
It's a thing that ev'ry man will try to do,
And any little girl whose head is all awhirl,
May be inclined to fancy it is true.
But I—am *not*—there are none so blind as those who cannot see,
Though I like your good intention, it is just as well to mention,
That it isn't any use, not the *slightest* bit of use.
For all you boys to try and flatter me.

Men. You really are too bad, because we mean the things we say,

Betty. Oh yes, I've heard that sort of thing before,

Men. But if you won't believe us, what on earth are we to do?

Betty. Well, don't attempt to flatter any more!
You know, I think it is unkind to talk to any girl
As if she were the one you want to wed,

Men. But you did us an injustice when you said,—

REFRAIN.

Song ... ... "IN THE DAYS GONE BY."

(*Hamilton*).

'Tis years of long ago,
Since we had a naval King,
And in these days of foreign ways
I think its a very good thing,
For Britain still must keep her own,
And always hold her sway,
That she may see her Victory
As in Trafalgar's day.

CHORUS.

They used to sing in the days gone by, as I've often heard 'em do,
"We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too!"
Now that's a sensible way to talk, and by the shades of Davy!
With a clink and a ring, we'll drink to the King
With a cheer for the British Navy.

I joined 'em when a boy,
Now the years are on the wane,
I've no regret, I'd join 'em yet,
If I'd my time again.
And we must be supreme to-day
Ere foreigners upstart,
And ev'ry man must think the same
With England's cause at heart.

CHORUS.

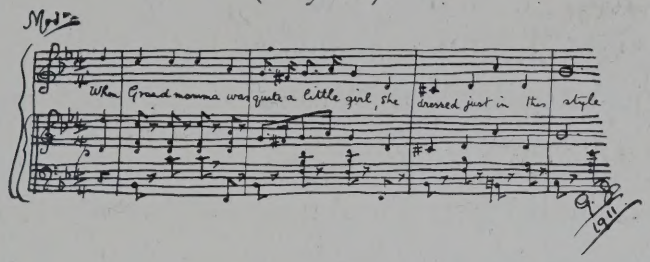
Duet ... ... "CONTRADICTING."

(*Betty and Grahame*).

B You've a manner most conflicting, you are always contradicting,
It's a habit you should lose without delay.
C. This is rather aggravating, and you'll pardon me for stating,
That I dont belive I *am* inclined that way.
B. There, I thought you would begin it, so you have, this very minute,
You're contradicting now, you silly man!
C. Hang it all, but I deny it, and I've no desire to try it,
Just *prove* I'm contradicting, if you can.—
B. You are,
C. I'm not,
B. You are,
C. I'm not,
B. You are,
C. I'm not, I'm *not*.
B. You'll pardon me, I say you *are*—
C. Be careful, or you'll go too far,
B. You are,
C. I'm not,
B. You are,
C. I'm not, don't talk such silly rot!
B. You're contradicting,
C. So are you,
BOTH. I'M NOT, I'M NOT, I'M NOT!
C. It's really most confusing when each other we're accusing,
And you really must confess that I am right,
B. But you're *not* right, and you know it,—you're too obstinate to show it,
And I'll say so if I stop here all the night!
C. Well, of course its very trying, if you think that I—tell stories,
And I'm sorry that you take this attitude.
B. It's no attitude I'm taking, it's the bother *you* are making,
And I *never* contradict, because it's rude.
C. You do,
B. I don't,
C. You do,
B. I don't,
C. You do,
B. I don't, I *don't*,
C. Well, I don't either,
B. Yes you do, the whole of it began with you, you *do*.
C. I don't. *You* do,
B. I don't,
BOTH. I TELL YOU THAT I DON'T!
THEN YOU APOLOGISE TO ME,
I WON'T, I WON'T, I WON'T!

Song—"WHEN GRANDMAMMA WAS QUITE A LITTLE GIRL."

(*Phyllis*).



When Grandmamma was quite a little girl, that's many years ago
(Yes, many years ago).
This is how they used to dress, for she has told me so,
(Yes, she has told her so).
And Grandmamma was pretty, (Yes). And Grandmamma's, advised,
That I should leave the Hobble and the Harem Skirt alone,
She says the fashions ought to be revised.

REFRAIN.

When Grandmamma was quite a little girl
She dressed just in this style,
And I
Shall try
This costume for a while.
Though you perhaps may think it rather quaint,
Or barred by Fashion's whirl,
They wore the style *I* like the best,
When Grandmamma was quite a little girl.

———

I'm sure that if we only wore the olden style of dress to-day
(If we wore that to-day),
We should really look much nicer, I've heard lots of people say,
(That's what the people say).

(ENTER HOBBLES).

Now, if you'll only study (Yes)? the dresses over there,
Do you really mean to tell me you consider them the best,
And nicer than the things they used to wear?

"WHEN GRANDMAMMA WAS QUITE A LITTLE GIRL."

REFRAIN.

When Grandmamma was quite a little girl
She just dressed in this style,
And I
Shall try
This costume for a while.
Though you perhaps may think it rather quaint,
Or barred by Fashion's whirl,
They wore the style *I* like the best,
When Grandmamma was quite a little girl.

FINALE.

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Song ... "I SHALL HAVE TO BUY A BOOK ON ETIQUETTE."

(Spanner).

My appearance 'ere this evening at a really swagger ball,
Is the first I've ever made, apart from "jobs,"
If you've always been accustomed to be in the servants 'all,
Well, you don't know 'ow to act among the "nobs."
When the footman called me name out, well, I took 'im for a pal,
So of course I went to shake 'im by the 'and,
And also touched me 'at (which wasn't there) to the old gal,
But it seems as I was wrong, I understand.

REFRAIN.

I shall 'ave to buy a book on H'etiquette,
And learn behaviour in the "classy" set,
If I mustn't touch my "cady"
When they take me to a lady,
I shall 'ave to buy a book on H'etiquette.

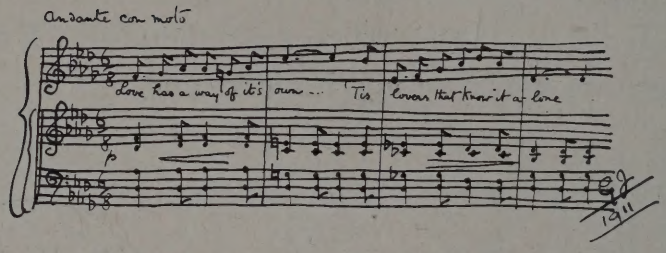
Of course I know my rig out isn't what you call a "fit,"
But I 'ad to get the nearest I could fix,
There's plenty of material around me I'll admit,
But what can you expect for ten and six?
Now the form of introduction 'ere gets over me somewhat,
Though, mind yer, its polite and very nice,
Mr. Spanner—Miss Montrevor—Miss Montrevor—Mr. Spanner,
Just the same as if I'd come in *twice*.

REFRAIN.

I shall 'ave to buy a book on H'etiquette,
It's the rummiest idea I've heard of yet,
And the lady looked quite 'aughty,
When I said "Cheero, old sporty,"
I shall 'ave to buy a book on H'etiquette.

Song ... "LOVE HAS A WAY OF IT'S OWN."

(*Grahame*).



Love has a way of it's own,
Love is a Kingdom apart,
Love is the King and the counsel as well,
Love is the subject that in it doth dwell
'Tis the heart.

Love has a way of it's own,
Love knows no master or slave,
Love brings the darkness, the dawn and the light,
And hovers around from the morn till the night,
'Tis the heart.

Love has a way of it's own,
'Tis lovers that know it alone,
'Tis folly to try from it's Kingdom to fly,
For Love has a way of it's own.

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